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## GETTING ON.

AMONG the crowds moving along a busy thoroughfare, there is observably a difference in the rate of progress. Some who are out for amusement loiter at the more attractive shop-windows, and make a kind of holiday on the occasion. Some stand still and gossip with casual acquaintances whom they chance to meet, and are an impediment to the more eager pedestrians. A certain number push right on, as if caring for nothing but the object in hand, which is to reach their destination in the least possible time. To be sure, they could hurry over the ground by taking a cab, or trusting to an omnibus, but in either case some money would be expended, and for the sake of economy, unless the distance be very great, they trust to their legs and power of endurance.

Is not that a microcosm of the world? There is a general hurrying on with some special object in view; but amidst this conspicuous haste there are clusters of individuals who, despite the pressure of circumstances and obligations, loiter on the way with complacent indifference, make life a piece of amusement, spend means and time idly, and in old age find themselves drifted high and dry into conditions that are absolutely pitiable, but for which they have themselves alone to blame. One cannot eat his bannock and have it. That is a commonplace but solemn truth. An old proverbial philosophy taught us as much. Nor was it ever until now hinted that there was anything wrong in the more pushing and economical getting ahead of the lazy, the loitering, and the indifferent. The new doctrine propounded, we regret to say, by a minister of state, amounts to this: that in the general struggle of life, one has no right to use his best endeavours to surpass his fellows. Or, to revert to our simile, the more active pedestrians in the street are, as an act of justice and propriety, not to outdo the feeble or sluggish, who prefer to take things easily, without a thought as to the probable consequence of their lethargic movements. In short, all must go

at a decorous funereal pace—no one is on any account to strive to get before another.

Such is the new philosophy that was recently set forth in an address to an assembly of students at Edinburgh by the Earl of Derby on the object to which studies should be directed. His lordship does not object to a wholesome emulation, but, somewhat contradictorily, is opposed to any one trying to do his best in the rivalry of his fellows. 'I am not blind,' he says, 'to the advantages which a state gains by the existence among its citizens of a strong feeling of social emulation; but personally I am not a believer in what has been called the "gospel of getting on." It is, for one thing, a gospel which can only be preached to a small minority. To be successful in the world's sense means to have got over your neighbours' heads; to be rich, as the word is used, means to be richer than your neighbour; and by the very nature of the case, these are results which, if everybody aims at them, involve failure and disappointment to nine out of ten. We all start in life with the notion of beating our equals in the race; it is a useful stimulus at the outset of a career; but I think I have noticed that as they go on in life, most men who are worth their salt think more and more of doing their work as it ought to be done, and less of the return in fame or gratified vanity which it is likely to bring them. College successes no doubt give a good start in life, and are a useful preparation for that keen professional competition which, whether we like it or not, is inevitable in most employments. I do not, assuredly, undervalue them in that respect. But if we are to look at the naked truth of the matter, I do not think I could honestly tell you that the highest literary, or artistic, or scientific culture always leads to what the vulgar call the substantial prizes of life. Many very illiterate persons have accumulated large fortunes by their own energy and sharpness. Even in the most intellectual professions many men have risen high, and filled considerable posts and enjoyed widespread reputations, who knew but little outside the range of their professional work, though no

doubt they knew that thoroughly well. Do not understand me as denying or doubting that habits of industry and mental training are an advantage for active life; they are an advantage, and a very great one; but what I would urge upon you is that devotion to study, if it is to be real and sincere, must rest on motives far stronger, reasons more conclusive than can be drawn from a calculation of chances in the great lottery of the world. Culture may disappoint you, if you seek it for what can be got out of it; it can never disappoint you if you seek it for itself. Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a gulf not easily passed over, a difference which must make itself seen and felt, between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but he prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age. There are many such; and sometimes you see them toiling on to the last, determined, as they say, to die in harness, not because they have any further need to work—not even because their work continues to interest them, but because they have no other interest and nothing else to turn to. I hardly know a more miserable alternative than for a wealthy and prosperous man either to exhaust his last years with needless labour,

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,

or else to sink into that vacuity and ennui which, on an active temperament, is often worse than even acute suffering.

Here, there are some good advices, as regards persevering industry in learned pursuits, but also something to chill an earnestness of purpose in ordinary affairs. His lordship seems to suggest, that it is very wrong to try to realise a fortune by professional exertion. We quite agree in thinking that mere money-making ought not to be the principal aim in life. Nor, except in some special, and rather hateful instances, is it so in reality. In most cases, the thing aimed at by any one in the ordinary business of the world is to be proficient and successful in his calling. That is a perfectly honourable object of ambition. We would almost go the length of saying that, by pursuing an aim of this sort, England has been made what it is. It has carried arts and manufactures to the highest pitch of prosperity. It has covered the sea with ships, and the land with railways, has built cities, transformed swamps into a fruitful territory, and elevated the intellectual and moral status of the community. In point of fact, but for the enormously persevering industry and surplus profits of the people in their respective pursuits, the nation never could have sustained that terrible warlike conflict of twenty years with France, and might at this period have been a dependency of that country. 'Getting On,' as it is contemptuously called, did it all. It was effected neither by

scholarship—which we by no means disparage—nor by territorial advantage. Land, alone, with every possible backing from the peerage, schools, and universities, would, we imagine, have cut a poor figure in the deadly struggle with Napoleon. No: it was chiefly the power of drawing taxes from the earnestly toiling commercial classes which got the nation through its troubles.

Let no one, therefore, in a social point of view, undervalue 'Getting On.' It has obviously set the British flag flying to the uttermost ends of the earth, is daily extending the scope of our manufactures, and is filling our ports with commerce. In reality, it is that, and pretty nearly that alone, which is encouraging literature and the fine arts, endowing colleges and universities, building churches, supporting schools, and financially keeping the fabric of society together. We wonder who are the great buyers of costly pictures, and who employ the best artists in embellishing their mansions? Why, the men who have all their days been earnestly 'Getting On.' Or, we may put the question, who were the persons who on a late occasion subscribed large sums of money to relieve sufferers by a great natural calamity in France? With few exceptions, they were merchants in London and elsewhere, who, but for 'Getting On,' would not have had a penny to spare for benevolent contribution. Perhaps, to the neglect of other considerations, some men shew too great a keenness in accumulating—for example, the late Alexander T. Stewart of New York, to whose uniquely characteristic history we may by-and-by refer. But on the whole, and as far as we are able to judge, millionaires are anything but mere money-grubbers. Acting under a sense of duty—and we can hardly conceive a higher motive—they derive a pleasure from professional success, while at the same time they enjoy the benefits of scientific and literary culture. One is found to be distinguished for his knowledge of astronomy, another excels as a botanist, and a third gives much of his time to the sanitary improvement of cities—in short, is a public benefactor. Analysing the House of Commons, it would not be difficult to pick out successful engineers, merchants, and lawyers, who but for assiduously 'Getting On,' and taking prompt advantage of opportunities, would never have had the slightest chance of being there. Had they been satisfied with a humdrum mediocrity in their respective professions, and 'prodigal of ease,' the country must of course have lost their services.

What would Lord Derby be at? We all admire the laborious study and self-denial which lead to profound learning. But, strictly speaking, it is not profound learning which carries on the business of the world. Besides, let us not forget, that learning is not always synonymous with intelligence. A man may attain proficiency in various languages, and other branches of study, and yet be poorly cultivated in his understanding, be, in fact, little better than a simpleton. The weakest

men we have ever chanced to fall in with have been good linguists. They could, from college education, rattle you off any amount of Greek, Latin, as well as modern European languages, the tongues of India to boot, and after all be unable, with any propriety, to manage their own affairs, or as regards general knowledge, to make a creditable appearance in company. The truth seems to be, that unless the student, however diligent and accomplished, possess certain natural qualities and aptitudes, his learning will be of very little avail to himself or anybody else. We could point out first-rate scholars—for that matter M.A.s of Cambridge—who, priding themselves on their learning, are so devoid of pliability and common-sense, as to be less useful members of society than young men who have received only the barest elements of education. A hint on this point would not be amiss from the Chancellor of a University. Perhaps it may be viewed as part of a wise Providential design, that scholarship without the attributes of a good understanding goes but a little way in preparing for the varied battle of life. Other things being equal, learning has a paramount advantage, and will in itself prove its own high reward. But even the most learned cannot be the worse of knowing that much in the way of tact and discretion is requisite to make their learning available for any satisfactory or practical end. W. C.

## FALLEN FORTUNES.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—LAST DAYS.

As soon as Dalton's indignation had evaporated, which it did before he had smoked out his cigar, he felt for the first time in his life thoroughly ashamed of himself. Whatever might have been the aggravation, there had been no excuse for his having acted in a way unbecoming a gentleman; and worst of all, for his insulting a woman. As for what Dawkins and Company might think of his conduct, that did not concern him; when a man is 'lynched,' he very often deserves it; but those who have put that rough mode of justice into effect, may regret the circumstance on their own account, nevertheless. At the very least, people would say, and with truth, that he had 'forgotten himself'; that he had allowed his misfortunes, and the slights—real or imaginary—that had been put upon him, to irritate him beyond the bounds of decency and good manners.

Even this reflection, humiliating and bitter as it was, was more welcome than the thoughts which agitated him when his long walk was over—for he would not go to the expense of a cab—and he drew near his own house. In a day or two it would pass out of his possession altogether, and even now was emptied of all those whose presence had made it dear to him. Thanks to him, they would never be sheltered by its roof again, or perhaps by any other that could be called 'home.' He felt a repugnance to cross the threshold, and drew out a second cigar, with the intention of passing another half-hour out of doors under its solace; he had always been a smoker, but had never known the virtues of the wondrous weed as he knew them now. Then he reflected that cigars were dear, and that when his stock of them was exhausted, he must buy no more. So he put up his case, and went in-doors with a

heavy sigh. It is the smaller stings of Poverty, because they are incessant, and—like the toothache—will not permit you to forget them for an instant, that render it so intolerable.

Having nothing else to do in town, and finding others at that season little occupied, he had contrived to get through most of his business on the previous day; but he had once more to see the auctioneer, to make arrangements not only for the sale which Mr Campden had promised to come up and superintend for him, but for the reservation of various articles of furniture. Not a word had Edith said about saving anything from the hammer; but Dalton did his best to recall to mind what objects had been especially dear to her and the children. It was a painful, almost a heart-rending task to enter her boudoir, and the bedrooms of his girls, each fitted up after her own taste and fancy, and to feel that what they had set such store by was to pass into the hands of strangers. Their books and knickknacks he did indeed reserve, and the smaller of the two pianos, which he rightly judged would be prized indeed at Sanbeck; but when all was done in the way of salvage, it was little indeed by contrast to the general wreck. Then, to complete his wretchedness, he had to dismiss the servants, which he did individually with a kind word and a liberal douceur to each. They had not far to go for places, for Mrs Dalton was known to be an excellent mistress, whose recommendation carried weight; but some of them seemed as sorry as though they had been ruined like himself. 'Such a many years as I have been with you, sir,' faltered one old fellow, 'and now to part like this! I shall never get such another master,' he added naively, 'and far less such a missus.'

'You are right *there*, my man,' groaned Dalton; 'you never will.'

'Might I not stop?' said another (it was the young-ladies' maid), when he had explained to her in a few words their necessity for parting with her. 'I would be glad to serve the young ladies, sir, for nothing, I'm sure. Why, poor Miss Jenny, how will she ever get on without me—that is, for a permanency? Though I don't deny but as Lucy can look after her for a week or two.'

It had been decided that Lucy was the only one of the domestics who, in justice to themselves, could be retained. Old Jonathan Landell had left a housekeeper behind him, who, with a village serving-girl, would be all that the family would require in their new and humble home. But the 'saying no'—always a difficult task to John Dalton—had never been so painful to him as on the present occasion, notwithstanding that he afterwards humorously compared it with Napoleon's parting with his Guards at Fontainebleau.

Proud, tender-hearted, and remorseful, what he suffered during those last days in town, was such as to have almost moved Lady Beevor herself—had she but known it—to pity and forgiveness.

When he had taken his passage—second class—at the London agent's, by the *Flamborough Head*, for Rio, and written to his Edith, as she had requested, to tell her that he had done so, his cup of bitterness was full indeed.

His arrangements with his lawyer were not after all completed quite so soon—for when does that ever happen?—as had been promised; but on the fourth day, by the last train, he contrived to get back to Riverside. It was a wretched night, wild

with wind and rain ; and his surprise and distress were great at finding Edith in the closed carriage that met him at the station.

'How could you come out, my darling, on such a night as this ?'

'How could I stay within doors,' was the fond reply, 'and wait an hour—when so few are left to me—that could be spent with you !'

What a treasure of love was this that he was leaving, perhaps for ever ! What unfathomable depths of unselfish devotion ! What agonies, what fears, would his absence beget in her ! He almost wished that he did not love her so, or that she were not so worthy of his love.

I sit me down, and think of all thy winning ways,  
says the poet, over the sick child that he fears he is  
about to lose—

Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink, that I had less  
to praise.

And thus it was with Dalton.

It is one of the horrors of parting with those we love, that even the space of time that is still left to us before we separate, cannot all be passed in communion with one another, but is trenched upon by retrospection and misgiving ; fond remembrances of the past, vague forebodings as to the future. Even when she was nestling in her husband's arms, the agonising thought, 'In ten—in five—in two days, he will be gone from me,' would force its way into Edith's mind, and turn her very love into despair. Dalton felt this scarcely less ; so did the girls, and even Tony, who was a very affectionate child, albeit, *being* a child, separation, while it was only in prospect, was not so palpable to him—and therefore all did their best to act, and not to think. The Nook was now vacant, and ready for their reception ; and a hundred little plans were made and carried out for making it 'nice and comfortable for dear mamma.' As for Edith herself, she cared nothing about the matter—how should she, whose thoughts were fixed on one beloved object, each day, as it seemed, receding from her gaze !—but seeing that her husband and children took so lively an interest in it, she affected to do the like, and was at least genuinely grateful to them.

The day the piano and the best-loved little pictures, and the favourite knickknacks and books (which included all Tony's juvenile library), came down from town, was made quite a gala-day by the poor Daltons ; it was 'so thoughtful' of dear papa, and 'so like him,' to have remembered everybody's likings. Only Edith was afraid that all ought to have been sold, and that they were extravagant in keeping so many pretty things for themselves. But there was no question of the improvement that these articles—quite apart from the sentiment that hung about them, like a perfume—made in the old-fashioned rooms of the farm-house.

The only things it had possessed in the way of ornament were a couple of ancient oak-chests, one in the parlour, and one in the kitchen, very beautifully carved, and which only required a little polish to have made them the envy of Mayfair, which was just then as much given up to those 'dear delightful carved-oak things,' as it afterwards became to that 'too exquisite old china.' Jenny found at once in them the most original patterns for her lace-work, and professed to be better satisfied

with the house generally, and all that it contained, than anybody ; but it is doubtful whether, in the first instance, this approval was not assumed to do away with any idea that might have been entertained of the Nook not being suitable for an invalid. She soon came, however, to entertain a *bona fide* love for the place ; the literary treasures which it contained being very numerous, and quite novel to her. These, however, could scarcely be counted as ornaments, being for the most part heavy old-fashioned tomes, all of them time-worn, and many of them moth-eaten. By the side of the smart Tennysons and trim Brownings, sent from Cardigan Place, they hardly seemed to be books at all ; just as the aged and the ragged who peer through the gates of Hyde Park upon the glories of 'the Row,' in spring-time, half doubtful (and with reason) whether they shall be admitted to a nearer view of them, scarcely appear of the same race as the gallant cavaliers and haughty ladies who are taking their pleasure therein. The time came when Jenny was astonished to find how much poetry, wisdom, and good sense were to be found in these homely volumes, and fought greedily with the moth and worm for their contents ; but for the present she confined herself of necessity to praise of the externals of their new abode.

'We shall all be so happy here—at least as happy as we can be while you are away—and so quiet and cosy, dear papa,' she said, 'that I am sure we shall have nothing to wish for, except to get you back again.'

Of all the unhappy family indeed, each of whom played his part so bravely in the cruel calamity that had overtaken them, there was none more courageous, more confident, or more hopeful than she who was the chief cause of their anxiety. Her general behaviour was such as to draw encomium even from Mr Marks the butler, who expressed his opinion in the servants' hall, amid marks of adhesion, that 'Miss Jenny was a rare good plucked un.'

It was Edith's hope that, before her husband's departure, they might have taken up their abode at the Nook, and bidden good-bye to him from what was in future to take the place of home ; but quickly as matters were pushed on with this intent, the thing was found impracticable ; and when the dark day of his departure came round, they were all still staying at Riverside. The day before, they had driven over to Sanbeck—as indeed they had done every day—and taken a sort of farewell of him there. The sense that when they next went thither, he would not be with them ; that the little family would have lost—for it seemed little less than loss—its beloved head, was heavy upon them all ; but they bore up for each other's sake.

At Dalton's wish, they walked about the village, in order that he might make himself well acquainted with it, to enable him to picture them there at their ordinary avocations : his wife among the poor folks—though now, alas, she could befriend them little, for she was almost as poor as they ; Kitty on the hillside sketching, with Jenny with a book beside her ; and Tony fishing in the trout-stream. The summer was coming to an end, but it was pleasant to have these pictures with its warmth and glow still on them. Upon the bridge, which commanded a lovely home prospect, Dalton and his wife stopped a little behind the rest.

'Well, my darling, I shall at least leave you in a beautiful spot.'

'Yes, dearest,' she answered, with a fond pressure of her hand upon his arm, doubtless intended to imply content. For her part, she hated the place, so far as her nature could harbour hate of anything, for was it not already dulled and darkened by the shadow of separation, and would it not be associated ever with that supreme misfortune? The humblest alley in London, with her husband left to her, would have been to her a paradise by comparison with it.

'And we shall meet again—never fear,' whispered he, with a tremulousness that went far to belie his words.

'I do not doubt it, darling,' was her firm reply. Her eye had wandered to the village churchyard, a serene and sunny spot, with a few nameless graves in it, among which some sheep were feeding. She did not doubt it; but that meeting, she felt, would never take place on earth. She would be taken there first, and laid in her grave; and afterwards, in God's good time, they would meet again in heaven. But he was comforted by the calmness of her tone, not only then, but in many weary months to come, wherein, thanks to it, he pictured to himself another sort of meeting.

When they were all together that night in 'mamma's' room, he made, for the first time, a statement of his affairs; explaining what was left of the wreck of his fortunes for these dear ones to live upon. It was a miserable yearly pittance; but he had taken care to provide a hundred pounds or so to meet present needs, and to defray those extra expenses, which it was almost impossible that they, who were so unused to close economies, should at first avoid incurring. Edith listened with obedient ear, but, her mind fixed on the morrow's loss, took in but little of what was said. Kitty, too, was overcome by her sorrow; but Jenny laid every word to heart. They had expected her to be the weakest of them all, but she had resolved to shew herself strong and hopeful; instead of an embarrassment, she would be a prop to their fallen fortunes; nay, even, God willing, a mainstay. Dalton had a word of advice for each, which, coming from him, who was so unused to give it, was as touching as his very farewell. They had all—thanks, as he said, to their mother's teaching—been good children, the best, indeed, he was well convinced, that ever father had, and he had no fears for any of them. The characters of the two girls were already developed; but little Tony was so young.

'There is your pattern, my boy,' he said, pointing to Edith; 'imitate her, obey her, cleave to her. If I should never come back to you, you must be her defender, her guardian, her breadwinner—and may you fulfil your trust, lad, better than I.'

Poor Tony, who understood little of this, was bathed in tears, and clung passionately to his mother.

'I would rather stay with mamma than even go to Eton,' he said, which, under the circumstances, was as strong an asseveration as could be made.

'You will have them all about you, Edith; that is my comfort,' said Dalton earnestly.

'But you—you will be alone, my darling,' answered she. It was for him she was thinking, weeping, praying, all along.

The true parting of the little family from its

head took place that night, for Edith could not trust herself to come down-stairs next day till he was gone. He left her in her room, half-dead, but murmuring to the last that she was hopeful, happy, confident of his return—lies that were holier than any truths. She knew that she was strengthening him by those last words; and if they had been her own last breath, she would have 'ecked his living out' with it.

## THE AQUARIUM.

### PART I.—ITS FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT.

Of late years it has become almost a fashion to cultivate water-plants, and to establish aquaria, not only in private houses—on a small scale—but in magnificent and expensive buildings, and with all the attendant conditions of committees, boards of directors, and shareholders. With these more pretentious establishments we have little to do. We visit and admire them; and we think that the difficulties to be overcome in arriving at the perfect balance of animal and vegetable life, so as to make one dependent on the other, are a study which must certainly inculcate sanitary principles in the minds of all who have to do with them. Without scientific knowledge on the part of the managers, these great establishments could not exist; and without some apprehension of the principles which regulate all life, the humblest little aquarium, be it only a stickleback and a bit of water-weed in a pickle-bottle, must disappoint its owner. A vessel of water containing plants and animals must be looked upon as a little world; it may, in fact, be so constructed as to have no communication with the great world in which it exists, and of which it forms a part, and yet all its inhabitants live and prosper. If we put a living fish into a jar or globe of water, it dies in the course of a few days, unless the water be changed; but if we put it into cold boiled water, it dies in a few minutes; and no amount of fresh cold boiled water will keep it alive. If, however, we put into the water some plants which naturally grow there, and get them established so that they do grow, our fish will live for any length of time without a change of water. How is all this? What caused the death of the fish in the boiled water, and why does it live with the growing plant? These are problems which must be understood and solved by all who wish to keep a healthy aquarium. Moreover, the same principles apply to any collection of water plants and animals, whether they live in the sea or in fresh water, and the same laws must be obeyed. The animal, whether it be a gold-fish, or a cod-fish, or a many-coloured sea-anemone, has need of fresh air, and its life depends on the presence of oxygen in the water, which it appropriates and which freshens its blood, just as much as we who live in the air require a supply of the same life-supporting gas. All water, therefore, to support life, must contain the gas called oxygen. Naturally it does so, as it descends from the clouds in the form of rain, or bubbles up from the earth a sparkling spring, or rolls down to the sea in rivers, forming the great ocean itself. It never loses its oxygen gas, save as it is used up by the animals that live in it, but

which is again supplied by the numerous plants which bathe and grow in its depths. We may give our fish a good supply of pure fresh water full of oxygen, but after a while the oxygen becomes exhausted and the fish dies ; so by boiling water, the necessary oxygen gas is expelled from it, and it cannot support life.

But now we find that plants growing in the water remedy all this, and if properly and skilfully managed in a fresh-water aquarium, will render it unnecessary to change the water for many months, perhaps years. This can easily be understood, if we take a water-plant in a jar of water and place it in the sunlight for a few hours. We soon see little streams of sparkling bubbles rising to the surface of the water—these little bubbles consisting of pure oxygen. The leaves of all growing and healthy plants give off oxygen, the great source of the life-sustaining power not only of the atmosphere, but of the water. We now see why fish will live in water with growing plants, and die without them. But the mutual relation between plants and animals, as carried on in the world, extends even farther than this, and is not altered at all because they live in water. Not only do the plants produce oxygen for the animals to live on, but they appropriate and use up in their own tissues the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the animals. Unless this mutual arrangement existed, both plants and animals would die. Carbonic acid, which is poisonous to animals, is absorbed by the plants—it is composed of carbon and oxygen—and plants have the power of separating and using the carbon for their own substance, and letting go the oxygen.

Thus we find in a jar of water a true microcosm—a little world, in which all the changes go on which are necessary for the maintenance of the life of man and animals on the surface of the earth. Our little water-world too—be it even our humble pickle-bottle aquarium—is subject to all the laws of health of which we now hear so much. Over-crowding is one fruitful source of disease and death in our collections, and we must be very careful only to attempt to keep as much animal life as our growing plants are sufficient to supply with oxygen. Experience is the best teacher in these matters, for we cannot so exactly measure the cubic feet of water necessary for the life of a fish, as of air for the life of a land-animal. Even in the best regulated aquatic establishments, death will occur and decomposition set in, which, if suffered to remain, soon spread disaster through the tank. We have scavengers in the air in the shape of vultures and carrion crows ; in the water, in crocodiles, sturgeons, water-beetles, snails ; and it is necessary to provide some of the latter useful creatures for our aquatic community. In a small aquarium, we would advise some one or two of the varieties of mollusca, such as water-snails ; due care, however, must be taken that they confine their appetites to the garbage and decaying matters of the establishment, and do not devour our living plants.

Before entering fully on the management of an aquarium, and giving suggestions as to its establishment, we recall very vividly the early efforts to keep water-creatures living and thriving in our homes as in their own native streams. It cannot be doubted that the first idea was suggested by Mr N. B. Ward's successful cultivation of plants in glass cases. As early as 1849,

Mr Ward stated, at a meeting of the British Association at Oxford, that he had succeeded not only in growing sea-weeds in sea-water, but in sea-water artificially made. This may be considered to be the first step towards the marine aquarium. In 1849, Dr Lankester succeeded in keeping sticklebacks in a jar of fresh water containing growing *Valisneria* (a water-plant) and starwort ; and in 1850, Mr Warrington read a paper before the Chemical Society explaining the conditions necessary to the growth of plants and animals in jars of water.

Mr Alford Lloyd, who is a great authority on aquaria and their management, tells us that in 1853 he began to make his earliest experiments with a few small glass jars and an earthenware foot-pan. At that period there was nothing to guide any one as to how they should proceed—neither books nor men ; and so the real lovers of nature groped their way alone, encouraged by every fresh success to new experiments. Well can we recollect the modest glass jars with the gleanings from ponds passed in country rambles—the bits of weed growing in shingle at the bottom of the jar, with the sticklebacks, a water-spider or two, and a few water-snails, which graced and animated the study of a large-hearted philosopher and born naturalist who has lately passed away from us. Dear to our memory also is the row of tumblers of sea-water outside a cottage window-ledge in a small sea-side village on the coast of Suffolk, placed there by the same nature-loving hands, each glass containing a bit of rock or stone to which was attached a bright-coloured actinia (sea-anemone), which, under the influence of the light, expanded and glorified itself into an animated flower. Many a group of wondering and admiring villagers has stood examining these beautiful creatures, little guessing that in every pool on their own coast numbers of them blushed unseen and unnoticed ! But these tumblers required refreshing every day ; and the morning occupation for the children of the household was to bring up a can of fresh sea-water and to change the water in each tumbler. After this refreshment came the great exhibition of the day. Each living flower seemed to vie with the other in spreading itself out, in unfolding all its tentacles, and in displaying every variety of colour and shade.

By-and-by a footbath was brought down from one of the bedrooms, or a large pie-dish smuggled from the kitchen, and the first experiments tried in keeping a marine aquarium. Much vexation of spirit and disappointment ensued. The sea-anemone would die ; the hermit-crabs struggled out of their shells, and dragged up the growing weeds, and failure resulted after many early attempts. But at last the true balance was found ; the weeds began to grow, the animals to live just as the time for departure from the sea-coast was inevitable, and it seemed impossible to transport the now perfect aquarium to the London study. But even this difficulty was overcome ; and by means of bottles, and cans, and gallons of sea-water carefully packed, the precious treasures were safely conveyed far away from their native shores, and flourished for many years in an inverted propagating glass, set in a piece of rock-work, in one of the most densely crowded streets of smoky London.

Now that we are surrounded with aquaria,

when every great city and nearly every large town has its own aquarium, it is curious and interesting to trace their beginnings. The aquarium in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, was the first that was opened to the public. In May 1854 it was announced as open, and described by Dr Lankester in the pages of a London journal; but even then the idea of a marine aquarium away from the sea-coast was thought to be an impossibility. It was only fresh-water plants and fishes that were then to be seen in the Regent's Park gardens. It was Dr Lankester who first ventured to write, when describing this little aquarium: 'But why should we not have sea-fishes? These are to come. Ere long, every inhabitant of London will be able to see what up to the present time has been seen only by the adventurous and sea-tossed dredger, who, casting his net to the bottom of the ocean, has beheld its numerous inhabitants in the freshness of life.' The same enthusiastic naturalist writes also in 1853: 'Who that has passed a stream, knowing that its waters are thronged with life, has not longed to have the power of watching the movements of its swift and timid inhabitants? In this fish-house we see at a glance what days of watching elsewhere would not afford.' Nearly a generation has passed away since these words were written, but how true they have proved to be! The writer of them lived to see his prophecies fulfilled in Britain and on the continents of Europe and America.

We have said that the true principle on which an aquarium should be conducted is, never to change the water, but so to aerate and refresh the original supply as to maintain it always in a pure and perfect state. The water in the Crystal Palace Aquarium is the same that was taken from the sea five years ago; and the same system, with some improvements, is adopted in the Westminster Aquarium. The means used to attain the end in view are several. Not only is great importance attached, both in the fresh and marine tanks, to the healthy growth of plants which afford oxygen to the water; but also active and brisk contact with the air of the atmosphere is found greatly to freshen the water. *Motion* in the water is therefore essential. In the large aquaria, this is insured by an arrangement of tanks, into which the water is pumped, and from which it flows rapidly, circulating through the tanks inhabited by fish. In its passage through the air, it absorbs a considerable quantity of oxygen; and in the smaller domestic apparatus of which we more particularly speak, the same thing is effected by frequently drawing the water up through a glass or gutta-percha syringe, and squirting it back into the vessel from some height above it, so as to let the jet pass through after having come in contact with the air. Mr Lloyd says: 'Water in aquaria should be regarded as a practically indestructible medium for the administration of atmospheric air to plants and animals.' At Westminster, the water travels over a distance of nearly three miles between the beginning and end of its circuit, for the purpose of aeration.

Perhaps some of our readers may be entertaining the notion of forming an aquarium. It may be in a glass vessel, a globe, or vase placed in one of the window-cases—noticed in a recent article—surrounded with rock-work and growing plants. Nothing forms a prettier or more attrac-

tive centre for a window-garden than one of these pools or crystal tanks of water in a state of healthy preservation. Or it may be that the only available receptacle for the aquarium is a large glass pickle-bottle, or a jar such as confectioners use, or even a finger-glass. Well! more living organisms than one observer could well describe in a year may grow, and live, and flourish in the smallest of these vessels, especially if attention be paid to the microscopic inhabitants of the water, whose name is legion. In dirty situations and in smoky towns, it will generally be necessary to cover the top of the aquarium with a piece of glass or muslin, to keep out the 'blacks.'

The first thing to be done in the formation of a fresh-water aquarium is, if possible, to establish the plants—to place them in suitable soil at the bottom of your tank, and leave them undisturbed exposed to the light, under the water, until they begin to grow, and the little active bubbles of oxygen are seen rising to the surface of the water. We have grown *Valisneria spiralis*, water crowfoot, the star-worts, the various species of *Chara*, and the Canadian water-weed (*Anacharis alsinastrum*) in profusion. The soil best to plant such in as have roots, is clean river-sand mixed with pebbles. Such plants as *Confervae* and others which float on the water and do not take root in the soil, do not, of course, require planting. After choosing your plants from such as you may collect from rivers and ponds in any country ramble, plant them, and cover the surface of the ground with bits of rock, pebbles, or anything that is suitable and in harmony with the rest of the arrangements. Do not put sea-shells into a fresh-water aquarium, or artificial objects where all should be natural. Then fill the vessel with water very carefully through a funnel or siphon, so as not to disturb the soil and the roots of your plants.

The same caution has to be observed in establishing a marine aquarium, which, it must be confessed, is altogether a task of more difficulty than a fresh-water collection. The weeds must then be introduced growing and attached to the stones on which they have naturally established themselves. The fronds and sprays of sea-weed washed up by the tide and left on the shore are of no use, and will only decay and injure the water. It is growing and living vegetation that we want. A selection of the pretty red sea-weeds so common in rocky pools, with the bright green fronds of *Ulva latissima* and *Bryopsis plumosa*, give colour and brilliancy to a marine aquarium, which is unattainable in the fresh-water colony. But it is not so easy to replace the inevitable losses which must take place in the early stages of a marine aquarium when removed from the sea-side. Let all who are near the coast establish a domestic sea-water pool, and enjoy all the pleasure it affords in watching the development and curious habits of the beautiful creatures who may colonise it. But in towns, unless under very favourable circumstances, a fresh-water aquarium will yield more satisfaction with less vexation, as we know from experience. In order to manage an aquarium comfortably, a few simple instruments should be kept at hand. A little hand-net, which may be bought for sixpence or made for a penny—simply a ring of galvanised wire with a muslin bag fastened to a stick for a handle. This is convenient for catching the creatures, fish or shells, without putting the

hand into the water, and it is also useful in removing dead bodies. A pair of wooden forceps, like a pair of glove-stretchers, is also most convenient for the same purpose—to nip off bits of decaying weeds or to catch floating particles in the water. Glass tubes of various sizes may be kept, which act by being put into the water with the finger over the aperture at the top. The tube, until the finger be removed, will remain filled with air; place it over any little bit of decaying weed or particle of refuse, and on removing the finger, the water will rush in, carrying with it the offending object up into the tube. Then a glass syringe or squirt is necessary, with which to aerate the water thoroughly at least once a day, and oftener if possible, by filling it and then holding it high above the tank to squirt the water back again. Some persons constantly use a pan or bellows with an india-rubber tube attached to the nozzle, to propel air in through the water. This device unquestionably acts well, and refreshes the animals, just as a 'blow on Hampstead Heath' or a run to the sea-side invigorates the inhabitants of many a close workroom in London. A glass syphon, or, what we find better, a long piece of india-rubber tubing which acts as a syphon, is necessary to effect a change in the water when it is evident that something has gone wrong and the evil must be discovered and eradicated.

We have frequently been obliged to do this when we kept a marine aquarium in London, and perhaps discovered a dead sea-anemone or a little fish under a stone, giving off offensive gases and escaping detection in the midst of the sea-weed. After removing the dead mass, and perhaps the stones infected by it, we have, by thoroughly aerating the water, restored the aquarium to a perfectly pure condition. We are thus particular in giving directions as to the formation of an aquarium, because we know from experience the difficulties that surround first attempts. It is by no means to men of science alone that the study of aquatic zoology is indebted. Amongst the earliest successful attempts to keep water-animals captive in a living and healthy state, were those of ladies in their own homes. When we come to consider in our next article the animals which live and thrive best in aquaria, we shall find our best authorities are ladies who have experimented and surmounted difficulties, and have given us the result of their labours. It was a Scottish lady, Miss Elizabeth Dalyell, who largely assisted her brother, Sir John Dalyell, during his half-century of study of marine animals in Edinburgh from 1795 to 1850. It was a lady who kept a cage of captive cuttle-fishes at Messina in 1842, and wrote a charming book on the habits and ways of the octopus, from her own observations. And the first successful attempt to keep sea-water fresh and unchanged, by the action of living sea-weeds, was made by Mrs Anna Thynne in 1846. Only two ladies are now alive who are known to have reared captive sea-anemones from babyhood to adult age. For a period of ten years, from 1860 to 1870, but little was done, or written, or thought publicly about aquaria; still, we know of households where they were kept and fostered, and of women, young and old, who tended, and fed, and cared for the living pets of their aquaria with as much zeal as others bestowed on the feathered friends of an aviary, and with the additional reward of having apprehended and applied the true prin-

ciples of science to their small water-world. We propose in our next paper to enter more fully into a description of the interesting inhabitants of the aquarium, fresh and marine.

#### JOE WICKHAM'S RECKONING.

It was ten o'clock on a summer morning in Cowra Creek, Australia. There were symptoms of unusual excitement in the settlement. Something had occurred to disturb its usual routine. An item of news had arrived from Westerton which had drawn the men from their work for the interchange of opinion and discussion, and there was an indisposition to renew labour for the morning at least. The discussion had perhaps been most animated among the group in front of Sam Coulter's hostelry, the *Emu*.

The chief speaker throughout had been Captain Reginald Brander. 'Look at it how you will, I say it's the coolest bit of work in this way that's been done in the colony for some time back,' he was saying. 'But if this rascal shewed pluck, that wasn't any reason why those fellows should have knocked under to him without as much as stirring a hand. It's a mighty curious thing that one man should be able to stick up three in that easy quiet way. If one hadn't known the men, you might have thought the whole thing looked like a put-up job. I don't know anything about the Westerton fellow; and you don't look for much fight from little Tom Sharpe, though he's smart enough at his own trade; but Joe Wickham's big and long enough to have shewn more grit. Yet I never thought much of that chap Wickham; one of your quiet, secret sort, with not a spark of fun or life in him; always the same cautious, watchful way about him. I've never liked these silent, close-mouthed men. He's not fit to live in a gold country, a chap who'll hardly join in a friendly liquor, and won't touch a card or a billiard-cue. Doesn't that look something like fear of dropping a little of his cash? But I'm seldom slow at saying what I think of a man, good or bad, as you know, boys; and I say of this Wickham now, what I've more than once thought, that I believe there's precious little pluck in him of any kind.'

What was the circumstance that was quickening the pulse of Cowra Creek will have been partly gathered from the above fragment of the conversation at the *Emu*. The mail from the Creek to Westerton had been 'stuck up' on the previous evening by a single horseman, and money to a considerable amount, in bank-notes and gold coin, but chiefly the former, which was being transferred to Westerton, secured by the robber.

On the evening of the day when the conversation with which this narrative opened took place, I was down at Wickham and Ford's hut. Whenever I had a spare hour at night from my professional duties, as the single doctor in the settlement, I used to drop in and smoke a pipe with the two men. I was a little curious to hear something more of the incident which had been the almost sole topic of gossip during the day, though I was not disposed to press Joe upon the subject, if he should shew himself at all disinclined to talk about it. I found him and his mate, Dan Ford,

alone, and soon discovered that they had been discussing the matter uppermost in my own thoughts. Discussion is hardly the word to apply to their talk, however, for it had been almost entirely confined to Ford.

Among the company who had that morning been passing various opinions on the affair of the mail-robbery, was a rather special acquaintance of Dan Ford's, a man of a silent turn in general society, who had taken little share in the conversation, but who had, partly on this account, no doubt, retained the most of it in his memory with great accuracy. The bulk of it he had retailed that afternoon to Ford, who had been repeating it to Wickham when I came in upon them. It was easy to see that Dan's back had been not a little set up by what he had learned from his friend. Dan was attached to his mate, with a simple but most thorough confidence; and Captain Brander's references to Joe, as reported by his friend, were of a sort especially calculated to move him to anger and disgust.

'Seems the captain's bin talking unusual tall,' he said; 'though he's always in the ruck at that any time. I never admired Capt'in Brander the way some do; and he's not risen in my 'pinion for the way he's bin gassing this morning. I dunno why, Joe, but it's struck me 'fore this that you're not a favrite of his, and now it looks pretty certain.'

'I've never had much to do with him, one way or another,' said Joe.

'That's perhaps just the reason,' replied Dan. 'Thinks you've fought shy of him, maybe, and feels a little rough on it. I don't give him much of my company, neither; but then I'm of no account.'

Wickham was silent. He sat smoking, with a thoughtful, somewhat self-absorbed expression in his face. He was a tall man, of a spare build, long and rather loose-limbed. He had a long face, light indefinite-coloured eyes, and a yellow-brown complexion. His face was bare, save for a thin, sandy, unimpressive whisker; and its normal expression, like that of a great many other people, was not marked enough to court or give scope for minute characterisation. What there was, was honest and agreeable.

After a short pause, Wickham said, speaking slowly: 'You've heard pretty well the ins and outs of this matter, doctor, and I can tell you little more about it. Captain Brander, and maybe some of the others, think we should have shewn fight, but it wouldn't have been easy. The fellow met us in the turn of the road where it leads out of Wattle Gully, where you know it is just wide enough for the coach to pass. Perhaps you don't know who the Westerton man was. It was Mr Glenn, the lawyer, who's so short-sighted that he can't see five yards before him without his glasses, and that helps to make him as timid and nervous at night as a lizard. That reduced our fighting force to two. It didn't seem to me possible that we could have made any stand. The fellow covered us with his six barrels, and would have shot us down as easily as 'possums, if we had raised a hand. But I may be mistaken; and if it was possible to have shewn a gamer front, to have rushed in upon the man, or something of that sort, then I can only say that neither Tom Sharpe nor I were the men to do it; and then,

perhaps, Captain Brander was not so far from the truth.'

'You'll not make me believe that easily, Joe,' said Dan Ford.

One evening, rather more than a week later, Wickham and I had started for a stroll and smoke in the direction of the river. In passing the *Emu*, we found an unusually large gathering of men about the place.

'By-the-bye, Joe,' I said, stopping, 'I had almost forgotten. This is the night of Professor Gregory's entertainment, you know. Supposing we look in for a little.'

'Very well,' replied Joe, and we entered the inn.

The entertainment which Professor Gregory and his two assistants were to offer to their audience was of that class generally announced to the public as 'a grand assault of arms,' and was to consist of the usual items comprised under that designation—fencing, boxing, broadsword and bayonet exercise, severing a bar of lead, &c. Mr Coulter's largest room had been fitted up with a hasty wooden stage for the occasion. Business began shortly after Wickham and I entered the room. After the regular programme of the evening was concluded, the professor invited any who chose to step upon the platform, and engage in a little friendly play with the gloves, with himself or either of his assistants, or one with another. Several of the men accepted the invitation, and put on the gloves, and the evening now took a more informal, and, so to speak, sociable character. Pipes were lit, a free exchange of conversation began among the audience, and a sudden and contagious thirst exhibiting itself, a desire for something to alleviate it, was natural. Foremost among those who were figuring on the platform with the gloves was Captain Brander. It was one of the exercises in which he was at home, and he was the only one with sufficient confidence in his own powers to try a bout with the professor. Several of the men were found ambitious enough to measure themselves with the captain, but each in turn tired of the sport somewhat soon. He seemed in fine form and humour this evening for the special work in hand, and won cordial commendation from the professor. He had had enough inward stimulant to quicken his pulse, without overheating his temper, or at all unsteady his hand or eye. He stood beside the professor, glancing carelessly around him, when I saw his eye rest upon Wickham and myself, who were sitting well back in the room and were just about to leave. I thought I noticed a slight gleam come into his eye as it fell upon Joe, and the next moment he accosted him.

'Can't you do something with the boxing-gloves, Mr Wickham?' he said. 'You've a long stretch, and ought to reach a man of my height pretty easily. Suppose we try a turn or two.'

'Thank you, captain,' answered Joe quietly; 'but I'm no hand with the gloves.'

'Come, I say,' replied Captain Brander; 'a fellow with an arm like yours mustn't talk like that. All you want is to hit out—and an ounce or two of pluck, of course.'

Wickham returned no answer, and his face made no sign.

'It would be interesting to know,' continued the captain, not caring any longer to conceal his

feelings, and resorting now to the fine vein of irony for which he had made a name in the Creek, 'what Mr Wickham fears. A man mustn't expect to count for much who can't stand a little rough play. There's a certain lady some of us know by sight who wouldn't like to hear, I reckon, how her young man's come out to-night.'

I looked at Joe. A faint colour flushed his sallow-brown face, and I saw the corners of his mouth twitch suddenly. He touched me on the shoulder, and rose to his feet, and we left the room, but not soon enough to miss hearing the general laugh which followed Captain Brander's speech.

I walked back with Wickham to his hut, and went in with him. We sat down and lit our pipes; a minute or two after, Dan Ford came in. He and I talked a little together on indifferent subjects, both avoiding that which was foremost in the thoughts of each. Wickham scarcely spoke. At length Dan ventured: 'The captain was uncommon nasty, to-night, Joe.'

Joe rose from his seat, and stood facing us. He took his pipe from his mouth, and looked steadily at us, and there was a light in his usually rather lustreless eyes.

'I didn't make much of a show, did I?' he said. 'The fun was all on one side. But I'm hoping to see the day when between Captain Brander and me there'll be a squaring of accounts.' As Joe ceased speaking, the short clay-pipe which he was holding by the bowl, crumbled suddenly in his long sinewy fingers, and fell in fragments on the ground.

Miss Kate Farren was the assistant-teacher in the school at Cowra Creek. She was twenty-five, rather under the middle height, with a cheerful frank face, clear eyes, a brown colourless complexion, and smooth light-brown hair, threaded with a gleam of gold when the sunlight fell athwart it. Her figure was neat, and her attire gave the impression that aught like deshabille of costume was incompatible with her nature; but she may have indulged in it at odd times, for all that. Miss Farren was the young person to whom Captain Brander's allusion bore reference. Wickham had saved money, and had been especially successful in Cowra Creek—the claim, in which he held a sixth share, having turned out one of the best of the smaller ventures in the settlement.

No traces could be discovered of the Cowra Creek and Westerton mail-robbery. Though so short a space of time intervened between the committal of the deed and the starting of the mounted police in pursuit, nothing was found to indicate with certainty the direction in which the bushranger had betaken himself. The tracks of his horse's feet were traced to the bank of the river which flowed close by the spot where the affair had taken place, but they could not be taken up again on any point on the other side. The skill of the black trackers was entirely baffled; and the search for the robber had soon to be abandoned, from sheer lack of ground to work on. The authorities could only wait and hope that some traces of the man might come to light by-and-bye.

The opinion became general in Westerton and Cowra Creek that the highwayman had by some means got clear altogether of the district, and perhaps of the colony. This impression had

almost settled into a conviction, but it was to be disturbed in a very unmistakable manner. In little more than three months after the first robbery, the mail was again stuck up in the same spot, and by the same man, who this time secured a sum of money nearly equal in value to his former prize.

A circumstance connected with this second robbery was remarkable—namely, the knowledge which the highwayman must have possessed of all that went on at Cowra Creek. Ever since the first robbery, a mounted trooper had accompanied the coach from the Creek to Westerton, the authorities deeming it advisable, for a time at least, to treat the ordinary mail in some measure as though it were a gold escort, which is of course always guarded; the strength of its guard being generally proportioned to the value of the freight. But on this particular occasion, the trooper who was on duty as escort to the coach having suddenly taken ill at Cowra Creek in the morning, was unable to accompany it, and it had therefore started for Westerton without him. That the robber had hit upon this particular evening for the execution of his design entirely by chance, was almost past belief.

This second robbery of the Cowra Creek and Westerton mail had been committed on a Friday evening. On the Saturday morning following, a company was assembled in front of the *Emu*, composed of very much the same elements as that former one, to a portion of whose deliberations the reader was introduced at the opening of the narrative.

'Has any one seen anything of the captain this morning?' said Will Royce. 'I wonder what he thinks of this new bit of work.'

'The captain went to Westerton on business yesterday, and came back early this morning, I believe,' answered Dave Tarrant; 'so he'll maybe have something to tell us of what they're saying about it there.'

As Dave spoke, Captain Brander's figure was seen coming at a leisurely pace up the street. The men gathered about him, and greeted him with a series of interrogations.

'What are they saying about it at Westerton?' said he calmly, without removing his cigar from his lips. 'Why, pretty much what you're saying here, I suppose—that he's a mighty cool hand, and a smart one to boot. But one thing you may be sure of; there'll be a pretty tidy sum put on the fellow's head now, so that if any of you are inclined for a bit of amateur trap's work, you'll have a chance now. Some of you have got to do with claims poor enough to make it worth your thinking about it, perhaps.'

Captain Brander was right. During the course of the ensuing week, an official notice was issued at Westerton proclaiming a reward of one hundred pounds to any person supplying information that should lead to the discovery of the robber; and a reward of three hundred pounds for the capture of the same alive or dead. But for some days not so much as a rumour was heard of the highwayman. No more definite traces were discovered of his track than on the occasion of his former depredation. The prints of his horse's feet had been followed to the river, as before, and then, as before, lost. The annals of the colony had not on record an affair of the kind that had been

managed with so much apparent adroitness, or over which there hung such an air of mystery.

But one evening, about a week after the event, a wood-cutter who was accustomed to work along the river, brought the intelligence to Cowra Creek, that he had come upon what he fancied might be the tracks of the bushranger. He had found the prints of a horse's feet leading at right angles from the bank of the stream, at a point in its course nearly half a mile distant from the spot where the robbery had been committed, and between it and Cowra Creek. The weather had been dry for a fortnight back, and the tracks were still distinct. The man had followed them for some distance, and said they led in the direction of a solitary ravine in the forest where there were the remains of a deserted sawpit. Blackfork Glen the place was called, a lonely spot, somewhat difficult of access, and known to few persons in the district besides one or two woodmen. The man thought the place would be a likely enough retreat for a bushranger.

On the same evening the talk among the men at the *Emu* turned mainly on the subject of this information, and whether it seemed likely to lead to anything. Wickham had asked me to drop in with him to the *Emu* and hear what was going on. I was rather surprised at the request, but attributed it to the interest which the affair of the second robbery was exciting in Joe, in common with almost every individual in the township. When we entered the inn, Captain Brander was, as usual, leading the talk.

'Now, here's a chance for some of us,' he was saying: 'there's only the one mounted trap in the Creek at present, and he'll not start alone after this fellow, you may swear. He'll go along to Westerton to-morrow to get orders from headquarters; and by the time three or four of them are ready to start, a man from here might be on the spot. Well, I've a proposal to make. I'm ready to go with any other man and follow up these tracks to-morrow. I don't think it'll lead to anything, myself; but it may. It's a likely enough spot, Blackfork Glen, according to accounts, for a ranger to hang out; and three hundred's worth the trying for, anyway. But one thing I bargain for: I only want one man with me. Two to one against this fellow's more than enough in my opinion, though he be as game as a tiger, and the thing's not worth the trouble for less than a chance of a hundred and fifty pounds. Now, boys, that's my offer! Who's going to take me up? A slant for one-fifty, cash down, and immortal fame to the bargain. Don't all speak at once.'

'I take your offer, Captain Brander,' said Joe Wickham, in a quiet distinct voice. 'I'll go with you to-morrow to Blackfork Glen.'

All eyes were turned upon Joe as he spoke. He was about the last man in the room who could have been thought likely to take up Captain Brander's proposal.

'Are you quite sure you want to go into this business, Mr Wickham?' said Captain Brander.

'Quite,' answered Joe; 'if you're equally willing.'

'Oh, I'm quite agreeable. One man's as good as another. We'll start early in the morning. But it's wonderful what even the chance of a square sum will do. Actually puts grit into a man sometimes.'

The tone in which Captain Brander spoke, and

the glance he threw round the room, gave additional point to his last words. As Wickham and I left the room, Dan Ford, who had also been among the company, joined us, and as we walked down the street he whispered in my ear: 'If this ain't a queer start! What ever's Joe's game, doctor?'

Whatever it might be, Joe was not disposed to enlighten us that evening, and we did not, therefore, question him.

The compact between Captain Brander, with its attendant circumstances, was sufficiently novel and unlooked-for to attract quite a considerable gathering to see the two start on their quest, accompanied by Hicks the woodman.

It was towards sunset that the same assembly, myself among the number, again met in front of Sam Coulter's premises. It was expected that Captain Brander and Joe Wickham would be back not later than sundown, and we were waiting their return. The sun had set some minutes behind the wooded hill-tops, leaving a narrow space of crimson sky where the road towards Westerton dipped and curved, when the figures of two horsemen rose into sudden view, and shewed dark by contrast against the vivid horizon. A single glance was sufficient to shew there were but two. As they drew near, and their outlines grew more distinct in the gathering dusk of the brief twilight, something abnormal and unexpected about the appearance of one of the figures caused a puzzled glance to pass from one to another of those who were watching their approach. One was leading the horse of the other, who seemed incapable from some cause of guiding it himself. The reason was soon discernible: one of the men was bound to his horse, and had his arms strapped behind him. In a few moments we could identify the two men, and as we did so, our previous perplexity passed into sheer astonishment. The two horsemen rode up in front of us. One was Joe Wickham. The other, besides being bound firmly to his saddle, had his broad-brimmed Panama hat drawn over his face; this, Joe, with an expression and gesture tinged with quiet contempt, tilted back with the handle of his whip; but this was quite unnecessary to enable us to recognise his companion. It was Captain Reginald Brander.

'Gentlemen,' said Joe, 'this is the man who robbed the mail, and I shall prove it.'

After our amazement had somewhat subsided, Joe continued as follows: 'I may tell you now that I suspected the man from the beginning. That first time he stuck up the coach, he was very cleverly made up, but from where I was seated on the box, the voice at once struck me as being somehow familiar. He disguised it well, speaking in a hoarse, muffled kind of way, and all I could feel sure of was, that it was not entirely strange to me. But when I got back here, the first time I heard Captain Brander speak, the resemblance of his voice to the robber's immediately occurred to me, though till then, I had not once thought of the two men in connection. This was all I had at first to go upon, and of course it was not enough to make me disposed to communicate my suspicions to any one else. What had struck me did not seem to have occurred to Tom Sharpe, or I might have compared notes with him; and Mr Glenn, the Westerton lawyer, was not, I knew, sufficiently acquainted with

Captain Brander to have been in the least likely to have recognised him merely by his voice, much disguised as it was. Without anybody seeing it—at least if none of you noticed it, it's not likely any one else did—I kept a pretty close watch on Brander. I knew, of course, that a mere resemblance of voice might, after all, be only chance; but one or two other circumstances about the captain seemed to strengthen my suspicions. It had got about some little time before the first robbery that the captain was getting pretty low in funds; the "What-can-touch-it" claim is bringing the shareholders next to nothing, you know; and I suppose some of you were beginning to get a little shy of him at the cards. I even heard that he talked of leaving the Creek altogether, as the luck was all against him here. Well, after the affair with the mail, he seemed to be set up in funds again, and there was no more talk of his going off. Perhaps you noticed that there was no one talked more of the robbery than he, and that what Captain Brander said and thought about it was quoted by everybody. He always talked of it, as you all know, in a high and big sort of way, and was very warm and indignant about it sometimes, especially at first. Now, you may think that nothing of this was much to reckon upon; and neither it would have been to you or to any one else; but to one whose suspicions were already aroused, these things had a meaning. Still I knew well enough that I was not quite an unprejudiced judge of Brander. He has made a set against me since first he came here, and lately, as you all know, has shewn his feelings in a pretty rough fashion. Before the mail-robbery, his opinions about me did not touch me much; but after that, and especially on the evening he made those allusions to a certain lady, I didn't feel very smooth towards him, you may guess. But I knew that this itself might make me over-eager to make out a case against him in my own mind, and so I was cautious. Not until the second sticking-up did I feel certain that I was on the right track, but I did then. The way the robbery was timed, just on the day when the coach was without a guard, could not, I calculated, have been by chance; and there was added to this, that on that very day, the enterprising gentleman by my side here left the Creek for Westerton, and did not return till next morning: you will remember that. This coincidence, taken with the evidence I had already got together, seemed to me conclusive, and I felt sure of my man.

"How to bring the matter home to him, was now my object, and it puzzled me a good deal. I had fixed on no definite plan on that evening when the noble captain here made the obliging proposal to go with another in search of the robber. His offer seemed to me quite the thing a man might do to divert the scent, as it were, and I at once thought I saw the chance I had been waiting for. An idea suddenly occurred to me which, if I could carry out, would enable me to wipe out all old scores between the bold sparer and myself to the full. So I closed with his offer, as you saw. To only one person did I tell the plan in my mind that night, and that was the lady he was gallant enough to make mention of. I had said nothing to her about the whole affair up to this time, any more than to any one else, but now I thought I ought to tell her everything.

She was astonished, as you may suppose, and, as you may also imagine, a good deal startled. I had to manage things pretty cautiously, and I haven't a light hand in that sort of thing, I expect, before I could reconcile her to what I was about to undertake; but I managed it somehow. She's a gem of her sex, in one respect at anyrate, though, of course, I believe her that all round; she's such a reasonable girl, though I say it, and sees a thing so quick in the light you want her to, even when you put it clumsily, as I often do. And now I must come to what you want chiefly to know, I suppose. After Dick Hicks the woodman had put us fairly on the tracks he had discovered, he left us, as had been arranged. The prints of a horse's feet were there, certainly, and still distinct enough to be easily followed. Whether they led to Black-fork Glen, or, indeed, how far they led at all, I cannot say, and it matters very little now. Brander obligingly led the way for about a quarter of an hour, I should think, after Hicks left us; I on the watch for a chance of bringing matters to the point I wished. Our way lay through thick bush, until at the end of a quarter of an hour or thereabouts, as I say, we reached a small open space where the trees separated a bit. This was what I had been waiting for. Captain Brander and I had ridden together without exchanging hardly a word. His desire to give no sign of our approach to the concealed bushranger, demanded silence on our part. As soon as we had got fairly out from the bush, and had elbow-room, I wheeled round upon him, covered him with my revolver, and was rude enough to say: "Captain Brander, *you* robbed the Cowra Creek coach." The captain has a considerable command over himself, as you know, but he was fairly taken aback now, and he shewed it. He never answered a word, but darted at his pistols, which were stuck in his holster. But I expected this; and before he could whip them out, I was upon him, and had him on the ground, by the throat.

"You stuck up the mail," I said again. "And now you and I are going to clear off old scores. I'm going to take you back bound, or you're going to fix me somehow; now we're man to man."

"An oath struggled in his throat as we grappled and closed. With his fists the captain would probably make short work of me; I never learned much in that way. But it's different with wrestling. I was born in a part of England that breeds as fine wrestlers as any in the old country, and when I was a lad I was as good as my neighbours at this sport; and haven't forgot the trick yet. Besides, I am a good bit longer than my friend there, and my arms are of the sort that are made to take a powerful grip. I felt sure that in a close struggle I would be more than a match for him; and it turned out so, which I think the captain will admit. When I once got my arms fairly about him, I felt that I had him safe, and knew how the matter would end. Brander fought desperately, and strove hard to get at his knife; but I was too many for him in every way, and I had got too the first grip. I tried an old trip which I have not forgotten, and the captain fell under me; I set my knee upon his chest and pinned him breathless to the ground. Then I took a rope from my pocket, which I had brought with me, in the event of things turning out as I had hoped, and as they did, secured his arms behind

him, and he was helpless. All I had further to do was to set him on his horse and bind him to the saddle. The whole affair did not occupy more than ten minutes, and the horses had stood by the while, looking on in a half-startled way. Had our struggle lasted longer, Brander's animal, for what I can say, might have made off; but my nag would have stood in any case. And so we rode back and—here is your prisoner.'

A month after the above events Captain Brander stood his trial in Sydney. There was no difficulty in proving the two robberies against him. A number of the notes that had been taken from the mail were found in his possession. This alone, under the circumstances, would have been almost enough to convict him. Taken together with Wickham's clear and consecutive story, and with other points of evidence which the course of the trial brought out, it formed conclusive proof of his guilt. He is now fulfilling his sentence, fifteen years with labour, in Sydney jail. Dick Hicks was suitably rewarded, and the balance of the three hundred pounds so well earned, made Kate and Joe happy.

#### A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE extraordinary journey and important discoveries made by Lieutenant Cameron have suddenly given a new interest to African exploration—that subject which, ever since the days of James Bruce and Mungo Park, has been so attractive to Englishmen. If Bruce had reached the true sources of the Nile, Park those of the Niger, and other travellers those of the Congo or Zaire and of the Zambesi—if this had been done sixty or eighty years ago, doubtless many valuable lives would have been saved; but we should on the other hand have lost those narratives of courage, endurance, pluck, inventive resource, scientific observation, energy tempered by caution, firmness tempered by kindness, which never fail in stirring one's blood. There is something captivating, also, in a little tinge of mystery; so long as the great African rivers had not been traced to their true sources, they formed a mighty geographical puzzle, on which the imagination could dwell at pleasure.

We most of us know that the exploration of Africa has generally commenced on the sea-coast, from some port or ports where European consuls are stationed; and has had its goal in the interior, where black tribes have to be encountered—amicably or belligerently as the case may be. Thus, at various dates during the first half of the present century, Lichtenstein penetrated north to the Bechuana country from the Cape of Good Hope; Mungo Park, having formed an opinion that the Niger and the Congo were outlets of the same river, made his second journey, which ended fatally; Burckhardt made many discoveries in the north-west regions of Africa; Clapperton and Denham penetrated from the Mediterranean coast to Soudan, across the whole breadth of the frightful Sahara;

while Richard and John Lander traced the Niger to the Gulf of Benin.

What may perhaps be regarded as the modern series of African explorations, penetrating quite to the heart of the continent near the equator, commenced about thirty years ago. The heroic David Livingstone began his good work at that time. Tramping inland from the Cape of Good Hope, or from the mouth of the Zambezi in the Mozambique district, he discovered Lake Ngami; then a vast range of new country between the Zambezi and the west coast at Loando; and then reached the beautiful Lake Tanganyika. What he underwent during all these years of exhausting labour, his published narratives tell full well. Even four years before his death, he spoke thus of his troubles when crossing the swollen streams that flow into Tanganyika: 'Only four of my attendants have come here; the others on various pretences absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too.' There spoke the man, in his true dauntless character. The readers of the *Journal* will not need now to be told that this indefatigable traveller kept on his noble work until nature could hold out no longer, and at length breathed his last in May 1873, watched by two faithful native attendants. Before and since the date just named, explorers in remarkable number have penetrated Africa in all directions; sometimes to assist in searching for Livingstone (whose absence was prolonged for many years), sometimes for independent objects of discovery, sometimes to assist the Khédive of Egypt in conquering tribes in the interior. The names of Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Stanley have become almost household words with us. We know how, among them, they have discovered the two magnificent equatorial lakes, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza; we know how clearly they have traced up the sources of the Nile to these lakes, and how much they desired to know whether Lake Tanganyika (extending eight or nine degrees south of the equator) is part of the same system, or whether it belongs to a different river-basin. Not the least remarkable of these expeditions were the two conducted by Mr Stanley, supported entirely on funds liberally supplied by the proprietors of two newspapers, the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

What those gallant men underwent, in combating heat, drought, swampy damps, ague, fever, dysentery, robbery, violence, fatigue, hunger, can only be fully known to themselves; but most readers have picked up some knowledge on the subject from the ample published narratives. Who, for instance, that has read the story, can forget the wonderful journey of Lady Baker to the central lakes? Rather than leave her husband to travel on without her succour and companionship, she went through perils and discomforts which women of delicate nurture can hardly conceive. Both stricken down with fever at one time, he on one pallet and she on another, husband and wife were left to the mercy of native blacks, with not a white man within any attainable distance; and yet both

lived to return to England in good health. We all recollect what tough work Mr Stanley had to go through in his search for Livingstone, and in the conveyance of much-needed stores for that illustrious traveller. Many of us are familiar with his second journey in 1874-75, made when aid was no longer available for poor Livingstone, and for the express purpose of making a thorough examination of the noble Victoria Nyanza. We know that he started from the coast at Zanzibar with three hundred men ; that while he was absent two months from camp, making the tour of the lake in his boat *Lady Alice*, most of his men were obliged to fight the natives ; and that the number, by fighting and disease, was lessened nearly one half. Stanley, it seems now probable, has definitely settled that the affluents of the Victoria are the most remote sources of the mysterious Nile. He also found favour with one M'tesa, king or chief of Uganda, a fertile country on the north-east shore of the great lake. M'tesa is not a black potentate ; he is a Muscat Arab with a little African blood in him ; and Mr Stanley thinks there may be a great future for commercial and civilising enterprise if he be approached in a proper spirit. One word concerning another explorer, Mr Young, who is at this present time journeying towards Lake Nyassa, or around its shores. An Association has subscribed no less a sum than twelve thousand pounds for founding a missionary establishment to be called 'Livingstonia,' to perpetuate the name and fame of the great explorer. Mr E. D. Young is manager of the expedition. In a letter recently received in England from him, he describes one of those mishaps which are so plentiful in Africa. While going up the Zambesi in August last, his boat was upset, and two of his native crew drowned. 'In addition to this, the greater part of our personal luggage was lost ; I myself lost everything in the shape of clothes ; also many things I was taking out from friends to natives on the lake. I don't at present know how to get more ; so I suppose I shall have to make a suit out of my blanket to serve me day and night. I shall feel the loss of my boots and socks most.' We must remember that such losses are almost irreparable in such a region.

These preliminary remarks on the general character of African exploration, during a long course of years, are necessary to a due appreciation of the relation which the young officer who will be our hero at present bears to the rest of the noble band.

Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron, son of the vicar of a parish near Sevenoaks, in Kent, was born in 1844. He entered the royal navy as a boy cadet at the age of thirteen, and has seen an unusual amount of busy life as a young man ; for it will be noted that he is only now in his twenty-and-thirtieth year. He worked himself up from cadet to midshipman, from that to sub-lieutenant, and then to lieutenant. He applied himself so sedulously to his studies that he obtained first-class honours in nearly all—mathematics, science, surveying, navigation, seamanship, gunnery. These matters held him in good stead in his recent expedition, which was as noteworthy for scientific observations as for personal enterprise and judgment. He served successively, in one capacity or other, in the *Illustrious*, the *Victor Emmanuel*, the *Defence*, the *Hector*, the *Terrible*, and the *Star*. As first lieutenant during the Abyssinian War, he

was engaged in surveying, buoying, and beacon-lighting in the Red Sea ; then in helping to save the crew of the United States corvette *Sacramento*, wrecked off the mouth of the Godavery ; and then in boat-cruising on the east coast of Africa, searching out and hunting down the slave dhows.

It was the horror felt at the dreadful scenes witnessed that gave him a yearning to assist, if possible, in putting down the iniquitous slave-trade of the interior. The Royal Geographical Society, so honourably distinguished for lending a fostering hand to exploration all over the world, determined in 1872 to send out supplies to Livingstone, whose isolated position and scantiness of stores had become subjects of much anxiety in England. Lieutenant Cameron gladly undertook the command of the expedition ; and it is a matter of congratulation to all that he accepted the responsibility. His outfit was large and well selected, comprising necessaries for the large number of men who would constitute his party, presents to conciliate chieftains on the way, and stores to hand over to Livingstone, if happily met with. Sir Bartle Frere rendered most valuable aid in these preliminary operations, by his extensive knowledge of Arab and other nationalities.

Lieutenant Cameron was accompanied from England by Mr Dillon ; at Aden they were joined by Mr Murphy, of the Royal Artillery ; and at Zanzibar by Mr Moffat, Livingstone's nephew, who eagerly threw up a post in Cape Town to join in the enterprise. After surmounting many difficulties on the coast, in hiring native porters, purchasing various supplies, &c., they started for the interior. Mr Murphy, stricken down with fever at Zanzibar, was left under the kind care of French missionaries at that place. Cameron followed nearly the same route as had been taken by Stanley, and several years earlier by Burton. When they reached Unanyembe, in August 1873, Cameron and Dillon were for a time prostrated with fever ; and Murphy, who had dragged himself after them, was ill also. It was while at this town, between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika, that news reached them of the death of poor Livingstone, which sad event had taken place about three months before. Cameron at once sent on some stores to assist in the conveying of Livingstone's body to the coast. Here was a sudden check to the plans ; Moffat, Dillon, and Murphy had now no Livingstone to aid ; and they returned to the coast so shattered in health that two of them sank under their accumulated maladies. Not so their energetic commander ; he resolved to attempt the exploration of the immense range of country lying between Lake Tanganyika and the Atlantic Ocean.

It is hard work for a reader of average intelligence, making no pretence to minute knowledge of geographical details, to remember the names of the rivers and lakes of Central Africa. The successive discoveries by Grant, Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, &c., have made us pretty familiar with the four fine lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza ; but until the maps become better filled than they can at present be with well-authenticated laying-down of places, the river-names, such as Zambesi, Lukuga, Lualaba, Luapula, Kirumbwe, &c., will be a puzzle to many of us. Nor will we be less puzzled with the names of the minor

lakes, such as Kassali, Lohemba, Kattara, Bembé, Ziwanbo, and the like. The letter U is very largely employed as an initial in the names of districts, towns, rivers, and lakes—especially districts and towns. It is possibly some peculiar guttural pronunciation of the names by the natives that has led our explorers to adopt such spelling as Uvuma, Uziri, Ukafu, Ulagalla, Unanyembe, &c.

Cameron, parting from his English companions, after well providing them with stores, pushed on to Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. There he found some note-books and sketch-maps left by poor Livingstone; these, as may well be supposed, he religiously preserved. Commencing a two months' exploration of the lake, he applied to an admirable purpose the practical knowledge he had obtained of astronomical observing and land-surveying. His predecessors had found many rivers flowing into the lake; but Burton, Speke, and Livingstone had alike failed in finding one flowing out of it. Cameron was more fortunate: he entered an affluent (or rather effluent) on the west shore of the lake; and was thus led to his grand discovery, that Tanganyika sends its waters to the Atlantic, leaving to the Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza the honour of being the head-waters of the Nile, flowing into the Mediterranean. His accurate observations told him clearly that Tanganyika is at a much lower level than the other two lakes, thereby precluding the possibility of its waters flowing into them.

How the young officer tramped on from Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic, never flinching till he finished that great work in November last, we shall tell in our next article.

#### IZAAK WALTON.

On the 9th of August 1593, was born at Shallowford near Stafford, Izaak Walton, the author of that charming book, the *Compleat Angler*. Little is known of his history. He is first found keeping a small linen-draper's shop in the Royal Exchange, London. Thence, after various vicissitudes, he retired to his native place. Gifted with a poetic fancy, and being a keen lover of rural sports, the leisure he now enjoyed enabled him to impart to others a sense of the enjoyment he himself felt in his favourite pastime of angling. Accordingly, in 1653 appeared the *Compleat Angler*, or the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*, a book which, according to Hallam, 'has never since been rivalled in grace, humour, and invention.' The work on its first appearance at once secured the public heart, and still continues to be one of the most popular of the English classics. Though by no means the first writer upon piscatorial subjects, Walton happily intermingled his precepts on the art of angling with lofty yet cheerful morality, and a wealth of fancy which, as applied to the subject, has never been surpassed. Prior to him, Dame Juliana Berners, Gervase Markham, and notably Thomas Barker, Walton's own instructor in fishing, had written on the gentle art, and their books were always popular; but they have none of them retained public favour, as has 'old Izaak.' He and Cotton (who added a second part to the *Compleat Angler* in the fifth edition of the book) are looked up to at present,

as they have been for generations, by all anglers as their tutelary deities, the Gemini of the angling zodiac. Walton seems to have known as little of fly-fishing as he did of salmon-fishing; therefore, Cotton, who resided on the Dove, and had a long experience in all that relates to fly-fishing, the crown of the angler's art, supplied the deficiency. His portion is pitched in a much lower key, whether of moral purpose or imaginative power, but very fairly continues the plan on which his great master had worked.

The first edition of Walton appeared in 1653, since which time the *Compleat Angler* has been reprinted in every size and form, from that suited to the waistcoat pocket, up to Pickering's magnificent edition, illustrated by Stothard. It has, moreover, been furnished with notes, appendices, elucidations, and the like, by numberless anglers and book-makers, overlaid with abundance of details, which have often well-nigh smothered the text. Mr Westwood, writing in 1864 enumerates fifty-three editions of the book—one in rather more than every three years of its life, which speaks volumes for its popularity. At length, to satisfy the curious, there has been produced by Eliot Stock, a London publisher, a fac-simile reprint of the original work. This book, coated in old-fashioned binding, and containing the original engraved plates of fish, struck off by a novel application of photography, is a bibliophilist's delight in every particular. Even the curious red and blue sprinkling of the edges is conformed to that of Walton's original edition. With this book in his pocket, the angler can recline under the pollards at noon-day, while eating his frugal meal, and at once transport himself two hundred years back into the time of the Cavaliers and Puritans.

Few books have suffered so complete a change of form, and survived so many additions without losing their first fragrance, as has this. The *Compleat Angler* on its original entry into the world consisted of two hundred and forty-six pages, or thirteen chapters, clad in modest brown calf, and illustrated by half-a-dozen admirably engraved plates of fish. These were indeed said, but it is thought without any foundation for the assertion, to have been engraved on plates of silver. All these plates, and the due number of pages, even down to bad spellings and the like, are faithfully reproduced in this quaint little facsimile, of 1876. It tells us, as the original charged its readers, that 'fishers must not rangle,' nor 'be nice to fowl their fingers'; and it reprints the curious music of the angler's song (treble being one way down the page, and base looking in the opposite direction, to enable two people to sing from the same book), which is by Mr Henry Lawes, a name that at once recalls *Comus* to the scholar. Lawes composed its music, and is himself celebrated in it as one

Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
And hush the waving woods.

Walton all but re-wrote the book in the second edition, adding a third (one hundred and ninety pages, according to Westwood's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*) to it, and four new plates of fishes. Viator, the disciple of the first edition, now becomes Venator the hunter; and Auceps (the fowler) is a new creation, which enables Walton to introduce

some of the most exquisite passages of his book on the nightingale, skylark, and other birds. Thus, the book as known at present consists of twenty-one chapters; and the whole process of dove-tailing and tacking on of additions is a singular instance of a good book being used as the germ of a second edition, and not spoilt in the operation.

This fac-simile of the first edition of the *Compleat Angler*, therefore, is 'welcome, as is the spring to the earth,' to the angler, partly because of its own intrinsic interest; and partly from its curiosity, as being the subject of so complete a bibliographical transformation. We frankly confess that it is mainly for the former reason that we love the yellow pages with their ample margins and slender river of print flowing down them. It yields a keen pleasure to reflect how many simple, kindly anglers have blessed the good old man who gave them such pious, yet interesting dialogues, taught them thankful contentment, and instilled amidst the most charming country scenes the principles of so soothing an art. And the quaintly printed pages are still fragrant with these memories, and with many an injunction to virtue; they recall many a name famous in the annals of the nation, they bring back past generations which delighted in the pure and peaceful wisdom of the book, just as so many quiet reflective minds do at present. There is a peculiar charm, therefore, in reading in this fac-simile (if we are not lucky enough to possess the original) of the delights of the beggar's life in summer, which is only equalled by the angler's happiness; we shelter with Piscator under the sycamore tree 'while it rains May-butter,' or listen while 'pretty Maudlin' sings the Hunting in *Chevy Chase*, or some other good ballad, and afterwards gives us 'a draught of the red cow's milk.' Or we resort to 'the good, honest alehouse' with the little party, refresh ourselves with a cup of ale, and play at shovel-board with them through the hot afternoon. The Thatched House too and Trout Hall are not left unvisited by fancy while we peruse this magical book, fraught with so many old-world associations, and in either of these nooks we 'can sing away all sad thoughts'; there will be 'lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.'

But the fascinating pages must be laid down, or we shall presently be compelled to take rod and pannier and seek the nearest stream. And here is, after all, the great secret of Walton's popularity. He calls men away from contracted views of human life, and philosophies smelling of the lamp, to the open air of heaven, and the simple pleasure that lies in homely English fields and rivers. And yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that the *Compleat Angler* is solely a book for fishermen. It could never have survived the deadness of the last century, had it been no more than an anglers' primer. The characteristic touches of literary art which stud its pages, and the many beauties of its style, will engage the attention of any reader who is fond of his native language; while the sentiments of unaffected piety which breathe through it, as the soft south wind would blow over Walton's favourite Shawford Brook, must always insure it a place near the contented man's heart. If our readers are ignorant of this little book, we are persuaded they will thank us for introducing it to their notice. 'In the mean time,' to conclude with

Walton's last words, 'the blessing of Saint Peter's Master be with mine, and the like be upon my honest scholer. And upon all that hate contentions, and love quietnesse, and vertue, and Angling.'

#### A PASTORAL SONG.

The following beautiful lyric was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman, born of an ancient Ayrshire family, in 1704. In 1745 Hamilton joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,  
Where Yarrow streams along,  
Forsake your rural toils, and join  
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile  
Atones her long delays,  
One happy minute crowns the pains  
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy;  
These suffering days are o'er;  
Love satiates now his boundless wish  
From Beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,  
This rising calm destroy;  
Now every prospect smiles around,  
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone  
That dear consenting hour,  
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale  
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
No leaf was seen to move,  
The hovering songsters round were mute,  
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound  
The lambkins' tender cry;  
Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
In dimpling silence by:

All Nature seemed in still repose  
Her voice alone to hear,  
That gently rolled the tuneful wave,  
She spoke and blessed my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy  
You fondly fancy mine;  
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,  
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feathered choir resumed their voice,  
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound  
The lambkins' tender cry,  
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled  
The song of triumph by;

Above, beneath, around, all on  
Was verdure, beauty, song;  
I snatched her to my trembling breast,  
All Nature joyed along.